

COWBOY WESTERN  
PRESENTS WILD BILL HICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

presents

No 63

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and

# SINGLES

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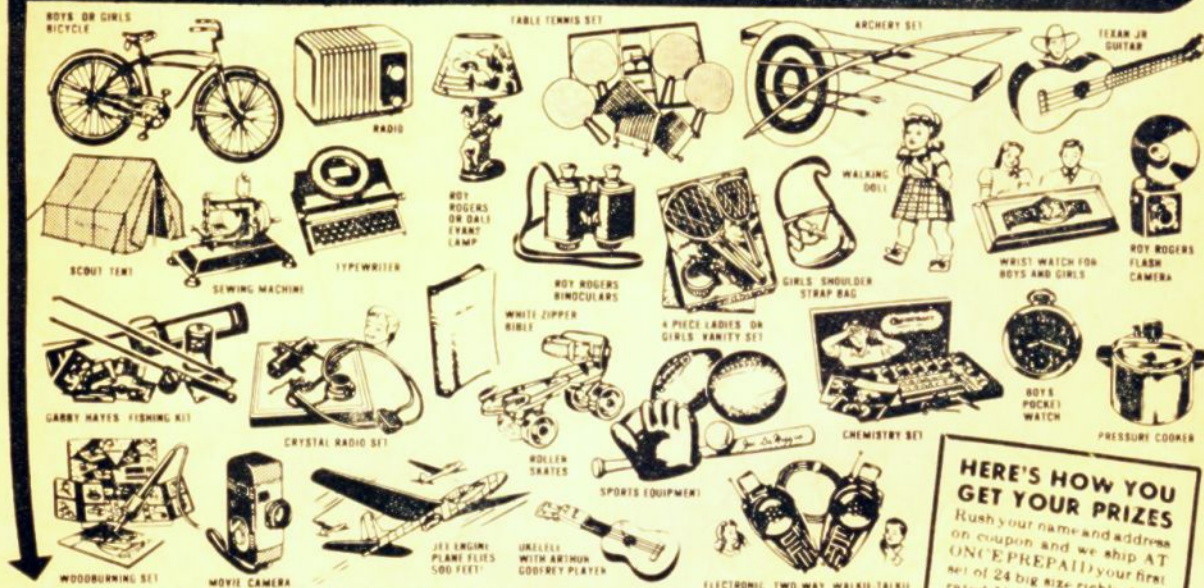
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STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# COWBOY WESTERN



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

*Alfred P. Sigo* Executive Editor

## Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

## in **BADMAN'S HOLIDAY**

WHEN THE NEWS SPREAD, EVERY GLORY-HUNTING GUNSLINGER ON THE BORDER BEGAN OILING HIS GUNS. WILD BILL HICKOK HAD PUT ASIDE HIS GUNS. THE FAMED FRONTIER MARSHAL WAS WEARING HIS BADGE UNARMED!

I FEEL LIKE A PLUCKED CHICKEN ON THE CHOPPIN' BLOCK WITHOUT MY COLTS. GUESS I GOTTA DO THE BEST I CAN.

NEVER MIND, HICKOK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.



51660

EVERY MINUTE THAT WILD BILL HICKOK WORE THE BADGE AND PATROLLED THE TOWN MEANT DANGER! MEN LIKE FLASH LEGREW WHO FINALLY BUILT UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO MAKE HIS TRY...

YUH AIN'T GO ME BUFFAL... AAAHH!

HOLD IT, JAKE! BILL LET FLASH GET BOTH GUNS CLEAR BEFORE HE DREW! HE'S BEEN BRAGGIN' HE'D TRY IT FOR A COUPLE DAYS!





# COWBOY WESTERN

IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT... BUT IT HAD AN UNPLEASANT AFTERMATH...



FOR TWO DAYS NOTHING HAPPENED! THEN ON SUNDAY, JUST AS CHURCH GOERS WERE IN THE STREET...





# COWBOY WESTERN



AS USUAL, PUBLIC OPINION PREVAIL-ED! WILD BILL HICKOK HIM-SELF DECIDED TO TRY IT THEIR WAY...





# COWBOY WESTERN

BILL'S UNCERTAINTY DIDN'T SHOW AS HE WALKED THE BEAT PAST HONKYTONKS AND GAMBLING HALLS... BUT HE KNEW HIS ENEMIES WERE WAITING...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, TIN HORN! IF YUH DON'T, I'LL TAKE YOUR COLTS AND BREAK 'EM OVER YOUR HEAD!

KEEP TALKIN' HICKOK-- YUH'LL TALK YORE WAY RIGHT INTUH BOOT HILL!

YUH'RE TOO YELLA TUH TRY 'IM FACE TUH FACE, EVEN WHEN HE'S UNARMED! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! I'M GONNA TIE THAT GUY IN KNOTS! HOLD MY GUNS!



GET READY, HICKOK! I'M GONNA STOMP YUH GOOD!

YUH'LL GO TUH JAIL AFTER YUH FINISH TRYIN'! COME ON, CURRY!



HERE'S A SAMPLE! OOOOF!

MISSED, CURRY! NOW IT'S MY TURN!



SIXTY ACTION PACKED SECONDS LATER...

COME ON, CURRY! YUH'LL DO THIRTY DAYS FOR DISTURBIN' THE PEACE!

WOW! WHAT A BEARCAT!





# COWBOY WESTERN

'CURRY PLAYED IT FAIR BUT OTHER OWLHOOTERS DIDN'T...



MISSIED! I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW SHOTS LEFT!

BETTER MAKE ONE GOOD, IF YUH DON'T, I'M GONNA BE ROUGH!



NO! LISTEN, I...

I LISTENED TO SIX SLUGS GO PAST MY EARS!

MEAN-WHILE, BULL ALGREN WAS WATCHING IT ALL, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO MAKE HIS MOVE...



HICKOK JUST JUGGED KRAMER! WHEN ARE WE GONNA TAKE 'IM, BULL!

YOU STUPES AIN'T THINKING RIGHT! I'M OUT TUH MAKE A PROFIT WHEN I BUCK HICKOK!



THE OTHERS ANNOUNCED THEY WERE COMIN' FOR HIM! WILD BILL WAS READY! HE WON'T BE IF HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A BANK ROBBERY WITHOUT ANY HELP!

TELL WEASEL AND CONKER TUH COME IN HERE! THE FOUR OF US'LL PULL THE JOB!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE MAR-SHAL'S OFFICE...



WE BEEN PLAIN LUCKY SO FAR, BILL! BUT IT WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

I KNOW, JINGLES! WE'LL JUST KEEP ON DOIN' THE BEST WE CAN! MAYBE THESE FOLKS WILL REALIZE HOW WRONG THEY ARE IN TIME!



# COWBOY WESTERN

THE NEXT MORNING...

THERE'S ALGREN NOW! HE'S BEEN LAYIN' LOW SINCE WE SHED OUR GUNS!

I KNOW -- AND THERE'S A REASON FOR IT! CIRCLE AROUND DOWN STREET AND DRIFT BACK UP NEAR THE BANK!



YUH LOOK LIKE BUSINESS TODAY, ALGREN! GOIN' SOMEWHERE?

FOLLOW ME AN' SEE, HICKOK! YUH CAN SLAP MY WRIST IF I GET NAUGHTY!



ALGREN DIDN'T TRY TO FOOL ANYONE! HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE BANK...

THIS IS IT! ALGREN AND HIS GANG ARE GONNA COME OUT SHOOTIN'!



HOLD IT, MARSHAL! JUST KEEP YORE DISTANCE AN' YUH WON'T GET HURT!

THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE...



...BUT I'M NOT A REASONABLE MAN!



HURRY IT UP! HICKOK'S TRYIN' TUH BUST UP THE PARTY!





# COWBOY WESTERN



THE ALGREN GANG HAD IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY... THEN, SUDDENLY, THE GUNLESS WONDERS CAME UP WITH ARTIL- LERY...



YOU AND JINGLES WERE WONDERFUL, MARSHAL! WE LADIES HAVE DECIDED WE WERE WRONG ABOUT WEARING GUNS!



WE WEREN'T THINKING OF THAT! WE JUST THINK THAT YOU TWO LOOK MORE PICTURESQUE WEARING SIX-GUNS!

MORE PICTURE...? YES, MA'AM, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL WEAR 'EM ALL THE TIME!



END



# COWBOY WESTERN

# Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

## IN **LAWMEN, KEEP OUT**

THEY CALLED IT THE NEUTRAL STRIP, THE DESOLATE LAND UNCLAIMED BY THE STATES ON EITHER SIDE OF IT! NO MAN WEARING A BADGE DARED TO RIDE IN THERE UNTIL WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES FOLLOWED A STAGE COACH ROBBER INTO THE LAWLESS STRIP...



THE FRONTIER MARSHAL AND HIS DEPUTY SURPRISED RED FEDDER'S GANG ROB-BING THE STAGE! BUT RED SAW THEM COMING AT THE LAST MINUTE...





# COWBOY WESTERN

SO LONG, HICKOK! YORE  
BADGE DON'T MEAN MUCH  
ON THIS SIDE  
O' THE  
CRICK!

HE MADE IT,  
BILL!



THERE'S NO LAW SAYS I CAN ARREST  
FEDDER IN THE STRIP -- BUT THERE'S  
NO LAW SAYS I **CAN'T** EITHER!  
COME ON!



THE  
TWO  
MEN  
KNEW  
THE RISK  
THEY  
RAN!  
THE IN-  
HABITANTS  
OF THE  
NEUTRAL  
STRIP HAD  
ONE THING  
IN COMMON,  
THEIR  
HATRED OF  
THE LAW...

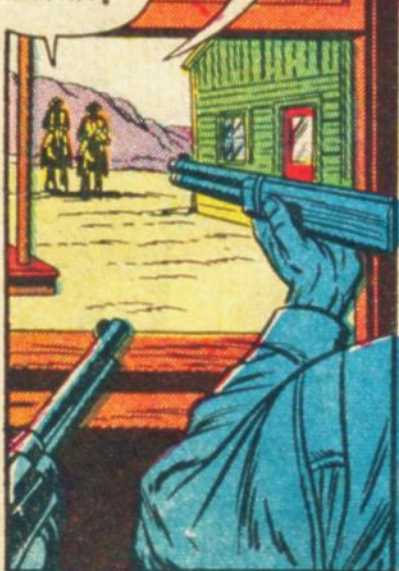
THERE'S MORSE JENNEY'S  
TOWN AHEAD!  
WE'LL FIND  
FEDDER  
THERE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, BILL! I GOT  
A FUNNY FEELIN' -- EITHER I'M  
AWFUL HUNGRY OR  
AWFUL SCARED!



I FEEL  
LIKE A  
TURKEY  
ON THE  
DAY  
BEFORE  
THANKS-  
GIVIN'!

JUST DON'T  
LOOK LIKE ONE!  
WE GOT A  
CHANCE IF WE  
DON'T SHOW  
FEAR!



YOU'VE GOT  
NERVE, HICKOK!  
THERE'S A  
DOZEN GUNS  
AIMED AT  
YUH RIGHT  
NOW! ALL  
I'VE GOT  
TO DO IS  
GIVE A  
SIGNAL!

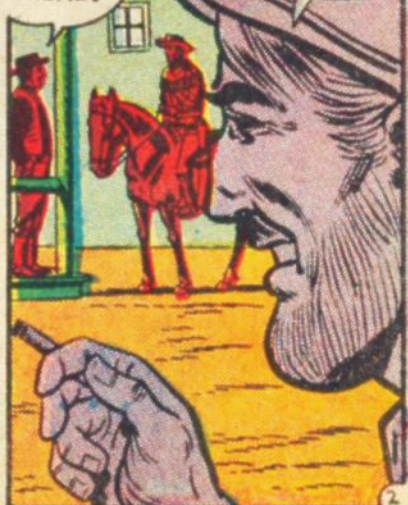
TRY IT,  
JENNEY!  
I'LL GET  
AT LEAST  
ONE SHOT  
OFF BEFORE  
I GO DOWN...  
AND **YOU**  
GET IT!



ALL  
RIGHT,  
HICKOK!  
WHY'D  
YUH  
COME  
HERE?  
THERE'S  
NO  
LAW  
HERE!

I WANT FEDDER!  
HE ROBBED THE  
STAGE  
IN MY  
BAILIWICK!

HAW!  
HAW!  
CHASE  
'EM,  
JENNEY!





# COWBOY WESTERN

HE GOT THE MONEY, JENNEY!  
HE HID IT, HE DIDN'T PAY YOU  
YOUR SHARE, DID HE?  
IS HE WORTH GETTIN'  
KILLED FOR?!

NO!  
TAKE  
HIM!  
DON'T  
BOTHER  
ANYONE  
ELSE  
THOUGH!

THE  
MARSHAL'S  
BLUFF  
ALMOST  
WORKED!  
FACING  
THE  
DEADLY  
GUNS OF  
THE TWO  
LAWMEN,  
NO  
ONE  
WANTED  
TO TRY  
THEIR  
LUCK!  
THEN,  
JINGLES'  
APPETITE  
GOT  
IN  
THE  
WAY...

HMMM, MAN, I COULD EAT  
TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF  
STEAK RIGHT NOW!

STEAK  
25

FREEZE, JINGLES!  
IF YUH OR HICKOK  
MAKE ONE MOVE,  
I'LL PLUG YUH!

DROP YORE  
GUN OR HE  
GETS IT,  
HICKOK!

NICE  
GOIN',  
TURK!

IF  
YORE  
WAITIN'  
FOR  
US TO  
BEG,  
JENNEY,  
DON'T!

BRING 'EM INSIDE,  
TURK! WE'RE GOIN'  
TUH TRY 'EM NICE  
AN' LEGAL!

JENNEY'S  
LAWLESS  
FOLLOW-  
ERS  
WHOOPED  
WITH  
GLEE!  
THEY  
WERE  
GOING  
TO  
TURN  
THE  
TABLES  
AND  
PUT  
THE  
'AW-  
MEN  
ON  
'TRIAL'...

THIS COLT'LL BE MY  
GAVEL! FIRST  
WITNESS-- RED  
FEDDER!



# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN

THE  
SAFE  
WAS  
OPEN  
BUT  
EVERY  
OUTLAW  
IN THE  
STRIP  
HEARD  
THE  
SHOTS!  
THEY  
SURROUND-  
ED  
THE  
BUILDING--  
THEY  
WEREN'T  
JOKING...



END



# ROBBY HOOD



**I** HEERED TELL of some feller named Robin Hood and he was sort of a good badman, you might say. Leastwise, from what I could find out about him, he stole from the rich people and gave the money to the poor people.

Now I don't hold with stealing, any way you look at it. Stealing is wrong and it's wicked. They do say in favor of this Robin Hood hombre that he never drew a six-gun on anybody and, in fact, never packed any hardware. He went around all the time armed with only a bow and arrow. Must've had some Injun blood in him!

Anyway, what put me in mind of this feller Robin Hood was a hombre who once blew into the town of Five Tombstones. His name was Robby Hood. His real handle was Robert J. Hood, but when he was only a cute little tyke his ma got to calling him "Robby" and that handle stuck with him.

In that territory around Five Tombstones he got quite a reputation as an owlhoot and a sidewinder for awhile. But I swear he never robbed anybody or kilt anybody or even so much as spit on the courthouse floor. But he got himself a reputation quite similar to this other Hood—the Robin Hood—just the same.

You heard of Five Tombstones, of course. It was a ringtailed rowdy town, full of wild roistering. It grew up like a mushroom and was as poisonous as a toadstool. 'Twas full of men who claimed they were brave enough to battle a corral of mountain lions. But not one dared to take over the job of sheriff with a tin star on his chest as an inviting target for the bushwhackers. In fact, if there had been a lawman, he'd have had to build a jailhouse about the size of the Grand Canyon to hold all the varmints that needed arresting!

There was a sort of a law around town—it

was what you might call "boss law" I reckon. The boss was Stickpin Steeg who ran the Big Ace Gambling Casino. He got up a set of "vigilantes" and he was the captain of the crew. The object of the vigilantes was to keep the little crooks from stealing anything that belonged to the big crooks.

First time Robby Hood blew into town he was just riding kinda slow past the Big Ace and looking this way and that when something unpleasant happened. Stickpin Steeg, himself, tossed an old feller out of the door, head first! Then Stickpin followed him out into the dust and when the codger scrambled to his knees, Stickpin gave him an uppercut and sent him sprawling back in the dust.

That codger was an old prospector named Sourdough Don and he had just lost his poke at the dice table in the Casino. Don complained that he thought the dice were crooked. So Stickpin naturally threw him out.

Robby Hood didn't like to see an old codger get kn--cked around like that. He slipped off his horse and belted Stickpin Steeg right on the button. The gambler flew backwards threw the air and landed splash in a horse trough.

Stickpin was unaccustomed to rough treatment and it made him quite angry, I'm telling you. He pulled himself out of that trough, cussing and dripping. Soon as he had wiped the water from his eyes, he went for his gun. But he barely had it slid out of the holster afore Robby shot.

Robby didn't hit the gambler. He merely knocked the gun out of his hand.

Stickpin was boiling mad. "Stranger, you're under arrest!" he hollered. "You have just drawn your gun on the captain of the Vigilantes. That's a hanging offense!"

"You'll have to catch me first," said Robby.



with a grin. He headed for the hills. "I've got important business elsewhere, but I'll be back," he hollered.

The street was soon swarming with vigilantes and they all headed out after Robby, but he had got too good a head start. Stickpin found out Robby's name some way and had a lot of handbills printed offering one hundred dollars for his capture, dead or alive.

Several days went by and nobody claimed the money. Then one morning when Stickpin got up he found one of the handbills stuck under his door. There was writing on the back of it. It said:

"I'll be hiding in the hayloft of the livery stable if you want to collect this reward yourself. But I've got guns. The only way you'll get me out is to burn me out.

(signed) Robby Hood

Stickpin didn't want to tackle a hombre like that by himself so he showed the note to the other vigilantes and got them to surround the stable. One of the men was kind of nervous and impatient. He set the stable on fire. It burned plumb to the ground, and three buildings alongside of it did the same. This made Stickpin hoppin' mad, because he owned all the buildings that were burned down. The only consolation he had out of it was the thought that Robby Hood had died in the flames.

That consolation didn't last long. Next morning there was another note:

"Sorry I couldn't hide in the livery stable like I promised but some dang fool burned the place down. Tonight I'm coming in from my hide-out in the hills to visit your Casino and do a little gaming.

(signed) Robby Hood

The captain of the Vigilantes decided to outfox Robby. He sent all his picked gunmen out along the hill road to waylay Robby in the dark. That's how come Stickpin was prac-

tically alone in his casino when Robby Hood walked in, big as life. There was only a bartender and a piano player and a couple of customers.

Stickpin was astonished, but not too astonished to start for his gun. Robby pointed toward the window, where Stickpin could see a dim figure outlined, a Stetson pulled low. "Better not go for your gun," said Robby. "My buddy outside the window might not like it."

Stickpin grunted and left his pistol holstered. Robby allowed as how he might like to play a little dice. He took the dice that were on the table and tossed them into a cuspidor. Then he reached right into Stickpin's pocket and pulled out another pair.

"I'll roll with the same ones you use," he said.

"But they're . . ." Stickpin wailed, then shut up sudden.

"They're good enough for you and they're good enough for me," grinned Robby. Of course, the dice were loaded. Stickpin was a cheat. But this time they were used against him and he was cleaned out. Robby Hood put all of Stickpin's gold in a poke and walked out, waving a cheery goodby. He had been gone about a half hour when a returning vigilante came in and asked, "Hey, what's that scarecrow doing propped up agin the window?"

**S**TICKPIN was a laughing stock. Nobody feared him any more. His power was gone. The good people took over, elected a regular sheriff, and threw all the rascals either in jail or out of town. Nobody in Five Tombstones ever saw Robby again, but when the good-folk started building a church, they got an anonymous donation. It was the big poke of gold that had been won from Stickpin Steeg!

THE END

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 14, 1914, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1915, AND JULY 3, 1914 (TITLES 28, United States Code, Sections 1103, 1104) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF PUBLISHED WEEKLYS  
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1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:  
Publisher — Edward Lery, Woodbridge, Conn.  
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2. The extent to which the name and address of each holder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock, if not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner, or, if owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, the name and address, as well as that of each individual owner, must be given is:

3. Charles Pratt, Inc., Charles Building, Derby, Conn.  
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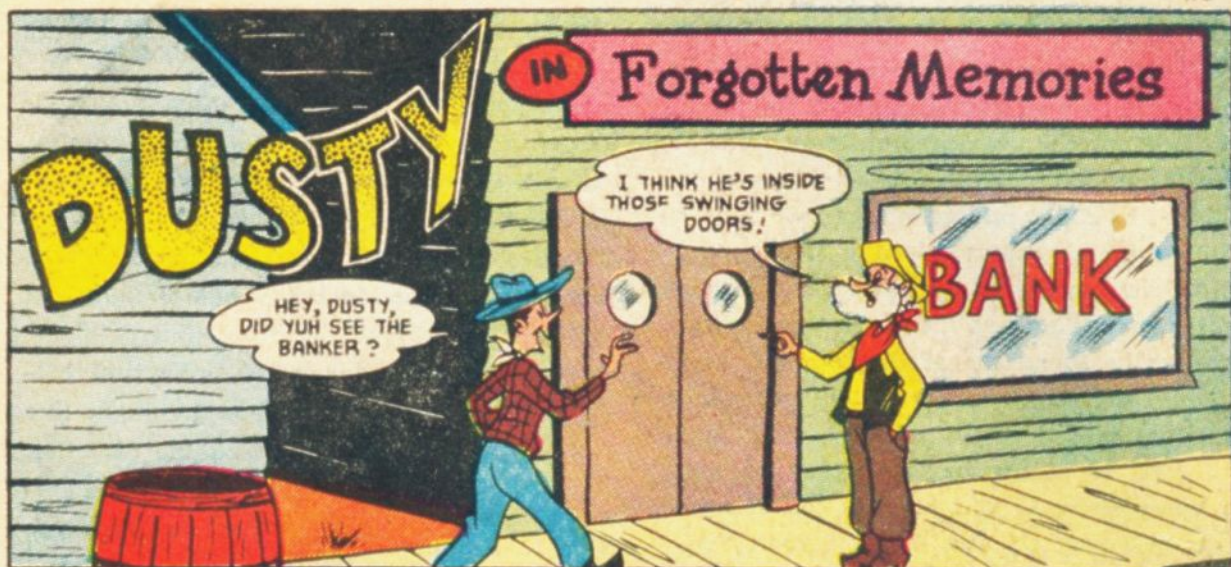
4. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)  
None.

5. Paragraphs 3 and 4 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, and the statement in the two paragraphs above the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the persons, names and addresses under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bondholders and mortgagees in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON M. LERY, Editor  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of Sept., 1944.  
Edward A. Rauli (Notary Public)  
(My commission expires April 3, 1945)

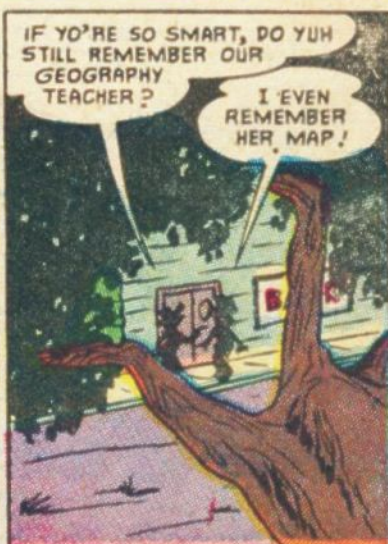


# COWBOY WESTERN



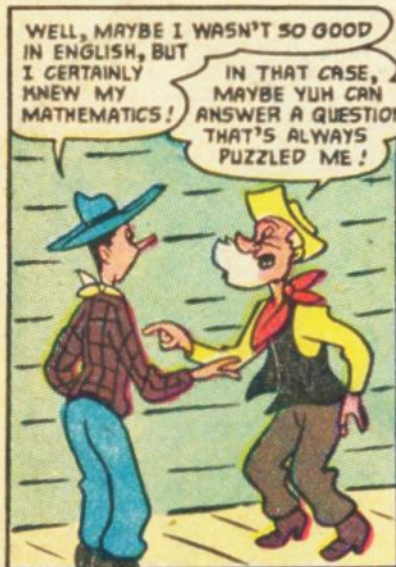


# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN

## Wild Bill Hickok

AND

## Jingles

## in GHOSTLY GOLD

FOLKS SAID THE LOST LODE MINE WAS HAUNTED... AND JINGLES WAS READY TO BELIEVE IT WHEN HE HEARD THAT WAVERING VOICE AND SAW THE GLOW SURROUNDING THE GOLD AND THE CROUCHING FIGURE DEFENDING IT...

W-WHO'S THERE? ANSWER IN THE NAME OF THE L-LAW!

YOU WERE WARNED TO STAY OUT OF HERE! NOW YOU'LL MEET THE SAME FATE THE OTHERS DID WHEN THEY DESCENDED INTO THIS MINE!

THINGS HAD BEEN QUIET IN TOWN BEFORE THAT! WILD BILL HICKOK AND HIS DEPUTY, JINGLES, WERE CATCHING UP ON THE NEWS...

THIS IS FUNNY! ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION HAS BEEN HIJACKED!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT? CROOK'S GEN'ALLY LIKE TUH STEAL GOLD!

THAT'S RIGHT-- BUT RAW GOLD IS HARD TO GET RID OF! IT HAS TO BE CONVERTED INTO MONEY! HOW ARE THEY DOING IT?





# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN

MARSHAL HICKOK TOOK THE TRAIL AT ONCE! JINGLES RELUCTANTLY STAYED IN TOWN...



JINGLES, MR. AMES SHOULD BE TOLD OF THIS! HE MUST BE WARNED NOT TO MAKE ANY ORE SHIPMENTS UNTIL THE THIEVES HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!

I'LL TELL 'EM, MR. LANE! I WAS RIDIN' OUT THAT WAY ANY-HOW!



THERE WERE A LOT OF STORIES TOLD ABOUT THE LOST LODE MINE! THE EERIE FIGURES SEEN THERE AT NIGHT! THE FLICKERING LIGHTS OVER THE SNOW THAT LEFT NO TRAIL...

GOOD THING I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! SURE LOOKS SCARY THOUGH!



AMES! I WAS LOOKIN' FOR YUH! THE ORE SHIPMENT WAS HELD UP!

THAT'S NO CONCERN OF MINE! THE BANK OWNED THAT GOLD! CASH FOR IT IS IN MY STRONG BOX RIGHT NOW!



ALWAYS WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THIS PLACE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND WHILE I'M HERE!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT! FALLIN' TIMBERS AN' ROCKS IN THERE! YOU MIGHT GET HURT!



I HEAL QUICK! SEE ANY GHOSTS LATELY?

NO! BUT YOU MAY IF YOU KEEP GOING!



THE FEEBLE LANTERN GLOW DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD... THEN, DEEPER IN THE MINE, EVEN THAT WENT OUT! AND RANDALL WAS GONE...

NO MORE OIL IN THAT LANTERN! AMES, WHERE ARE YUH? DANG IT, THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!





# COWBOY WESTERN



WHAT'S THAT?  
W-WHO ARE  
YUH?



I C'N JUST SEE ENOUGH  
TUH SPOT THAT ROUND-  
HOUSE, MISTER!



NOW I KNOW YOU'RE  
NO GHOST! THAT  
CHIN FEELS HUMAN!

AS HIS ASSAILANT FELL, JINGLES  
HEARD A LANTERN TOPPLE! HE  
STRUCK A MATCH AND...



THAT'S BETTER! GET UP,  
MISTER! START EXPLAININ'  
WHY YUH JUMPED AN  
OFFICER OF  
THE LAW!



I WORK DOWN HERE!  
WHEN I HEARD YOU  
STUMBLIN' AROUND  
I PUT OUT THE LANTERN  
AND CAME TO IN-  
VESTIGATE! THEN  
YOU SLUGGED ME!

AFTER YOU TRIED TO  
SLUG ME FIRST!



WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT  
LATER! START MOVIN',  
LAWMAN! GET HIS  
GUN, JED!



# COWBOY WESTERN

ANOTHER HONEST, HARD WORKIN' MINER, HUH? PACKIN' A SIX-GUN LIKE A GUNSLINGER!

QUIT THE GAB AN' GET MOVIN'!



THEN JINGLES HEARD IT! A MUFFLED, THUMPING NOISE... SOME KIND OF MINING MACHINERY! HE KNEW THERE'D BE MORE MEN WAITING THERE, NONE FRIENDLY...

GO EASY WITH THAT GUN, MISTER-- I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE...



... BUT I AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE!

LOOK OUT, JAKE!

I'LL FIX...  
OOOOF!



THERE'S VOICES UP THERE-- MACHINERY! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THEY EXTRACT THE GOLD FROM THE ORE!



THEY'RE NOT TAKIN' GOLD OUT OF ROCK! THEY'RE MIXIN' GOLD DUST IN WITH ROCK! DUST-- THAT'S CRAZY!

ANY MORE GOLD? THIS STUFF'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ROCK DUST IN IT!





# COWBOY WESTERN



END



# COWBOY WESTERN

**SAGE-  
BRUSH**

SINGER OF  
THE SEA!

HOWDY, FELLAS!  
WHAT'S THAT SIGN  
ON THE OLD OP'RY  
HOUSE ABOUT?

GENERAL  
STORE

THEY'RE  
LOOKING FER  
A SINGER FER  
THE NEW SHOW!

OPERA  
HOUSE

NOTICE

A SINGER? WAL, I  
RECKON THEY DON'T  
HAVE TUH LOOK ANY  
MORE! I'M THE  
HOMBRE THEY WANT!

YUH?

SHORE! I'M  
THE BEST  
SINGER IN  
THESE HYAR  
PARTS!

G'WAN, I  
BET YUH  
CAN'T SING  
BETTER THAN  
A SICK CROW!

RAIL OFFICE

DON'T SHOW YORE IGNORANCE!  
THAR'S NO ONE CAN PUT OVER  
A SONG LIKE ME! WHY, I ONCE  
SANG "ROCKED IN THE CRADLE  
OF THE DEEP" AT A BIG  
CONCERT IN TOWN HALL!

YUH DID?  
GOSH, DID  
YUH SING  
IT WELL?

LISTEN, I SANG "ROCKED IN THE  
CRADLE OF THE DEEP" SO WELL--

-- FIVE  
PEOPLE IN THE  
AUDIENCE GOT  
SEASICK!

OPERA  
HOUSE

GENERAL  
STORE

!!!

!



# Annie Oakley

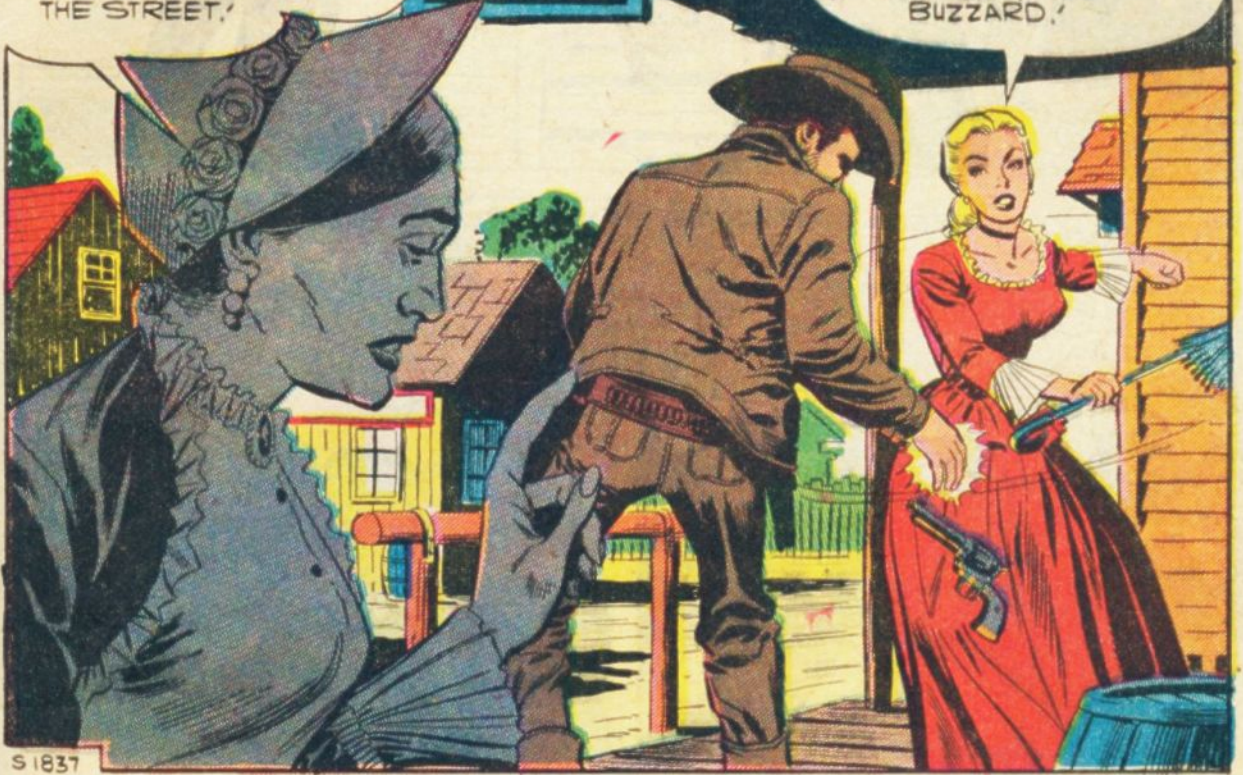
COWBOY WESTERN  
in **FIGHTIN' LADY**

THE TUTTLES ADMITTED THAT ANNIE OAKLEY WAS A WHIZ WITH A SIXGUN, BUT MRS. AMOS TUTTLE SNEERED WHEN ANNIE REACHED FOR A SALAD FORK. ANNIE WAS DETERMINED TO SHOW THE BANKER'S WIFE SHE COULD BE A LADY EVEN IF SHE HAD TO FIGHT TO PROVE IT.

MISS OAKLEY! REALLY!  
A LADY DOESN'T BRAWL  
WITH CADS IN  
THE STREET.

**BAR**

I AIN'T GOT TIME TO FIGHT  
HIM IN PRIVATE. LET GO  
OF THAT GUN, YOU  
BUZZARD.



S 1837

THE WILD WEST SHOW THAT ANNIE STARR-  
RED IN WAS STAGING A MAMMOTH  
PARADE WHEN SHE SAW THE GUNSLING-  
ERS LEAVING THE BANK...

THE FOLKS THINK THE GUNSHOTS  
ARE PART OF THE PARADE.  
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM  
BEFORE HE HURTS  
SOMEBODY.



THIS IS EASIER  
THAN THE CALF  
ROPIN' CONTEST.





# COWBOY WESTERN



THE CITIZENS CHEERED ANNIE! AND THE BANK OWNER, AMOS TUTTLE, COULDN'T PRAISE HER ENOUGH ...





# COWBOY WESTERN

ANNIE WAS BLAZING MAD! SHE WAS DETERMINED TO GO BROKE TO PROVE SHE COULD DRESS LIKE A LADY...

THIS WILL BE LOVELY ON YOU, MISS OAKLEY! IT'S EXPENSIVE OF COURSE...

I'LL TAKE IT! I WANT GLOVES AND ONE OF THEM LITTLE UMBRELLAS TOO!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

HERE COMES THE FEMALE COWPUNCHER!

I AIN'T A FEMALE, I'M A LADY!



AND I CAN PROVE IT! WELL?

TH-THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM! YOU SURE ARE! I APOLOGIZE!



ANNIE GOT OUT THE POWDER AND PERFUME AND THE BATH SALTS. AN HOUR LATER SHE WAS TRANSFORMED -- LOVELY! ONE OF HER GIRL FRIENDS SAID...

WHEW! THIS STUFF WOULD SCARE A BUZZARD A MILE AWAY!

IT'S LADYLIKE, THOUGH! YOU LOOK WONDERFUL, ANNIE!



SEE, ANNIE? YOU LOOK LIKE A LADY NOW!

YEAH, REAL HELPLESS! NO WONDER THEY NEED A MAN TUH LIFT 'EM INTO WAGONS AND UP STEPS! THEY CAN'T WALK RIGHT IN THESE OUTFITS!



OH, NO, ANNIE! YOU CAN'T WEAR YOUR SIX-GUNS IN THAT OUTFIT!

THAT'S RIGHT, I RECKON I CAN'T! OH, WELL, ANYTHING TO SHOW THAT MRS. TUTTLE!





# COWBOY WESTERN

NOW YOU'RE A LADY, ANNIE -- JUST DON'T FORGET YOURSELF!

I WON'T -- AND I'LL BEND THIS LITTLE UMBRELLA AROUND ANY GENT WHO DOESN'T TIP HIS HAT!

MRS. TUTTLE WAS WAITING IN THE LOBBY! ANNIE WAS SATISFIED AT THE ENVIOUS LOOK THAT LADY SWIFTLY MASKED...

YOU LOOK GORGEOUS, MISS OAKLEY! MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR YOU!

THAT'S GOOD! I HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND TODAY!

THOSE MEN... WE'D BETTER CROSS THE STREET!

NONSENSE! WE'RE LADIES, AIN'T WE? THEN THEY'D BETTER BE GENTS!

HOLD IT, BUSTER! LET TWO LADIES PASS!

THE LADY'S RIGHT, BLACKIE! GOOD EVENIN', LADIES!

THEN THEY WERE IN THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM AMOS TUTTLE HAD PROVIDED. ANNIE WAS A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT WHICH FORK TO USE! SHE HAD SOMETHING ON HER MIND...

SAY, MR. TUTTLE, I HEAR YOU LIVE PRETTY GOOD! I ALSO HEAR YOU DON'T GAMBLE SO GOOD! YOU MUST GET A PRETTY BIG SALARY!

THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME OR PLACE, MISS OAKLEY!

HER IDEA OF DINNER CONVERSATION, AMOS!

PLUMB UNLADYLIKE, I RECKON! I JUST WANTED TO KNOW WHY YOU BROUGHT THE MAN TO TOWN TO ROB THE BANK!

IT'D BE HEALTHIER TO EAT DINNER AND BE QUIET, MISS OAKLEY!



# COWBOY WESTERN





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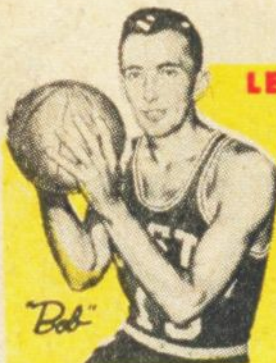
Sincerely,

*Joe Louis*

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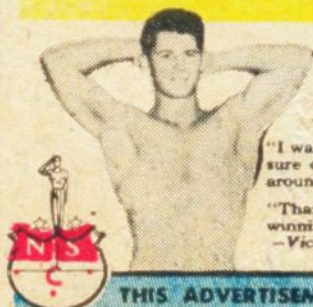
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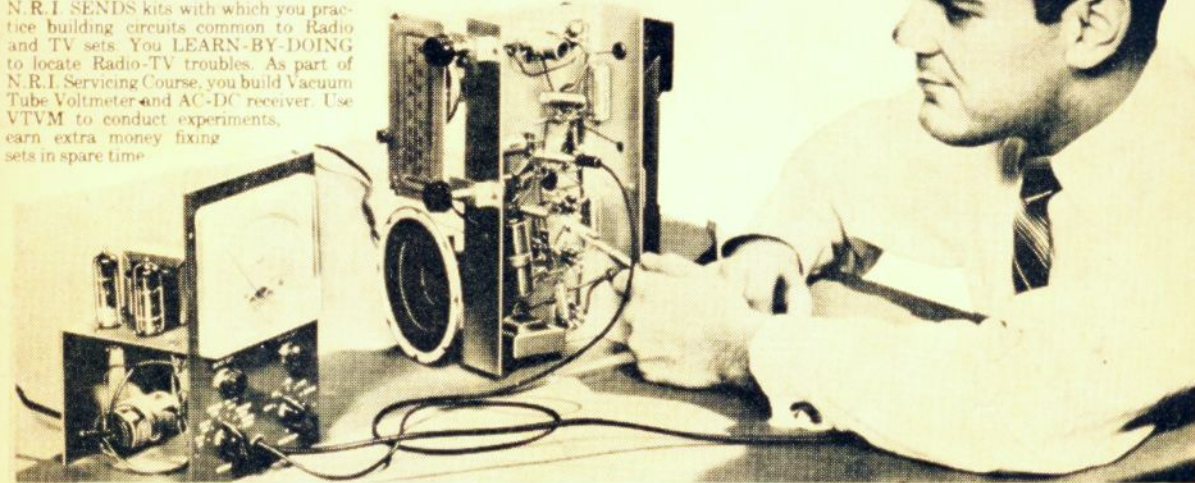
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